Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes againſt my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was baniſht, I was baniſht Herford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter:
And noble Vncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinkes in you
I ſee old Gaunt aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cooſin King be King of England,
It muſt be graunted I am Duke of Lancaſter:
You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cooſin,
Had you firſt died, and he been thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his Vncle Gaunt a father,
To rouze his wronges, and chaſe them to the Bay.
I am denied to ſue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goodes are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free deſcent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abuſde.
Reſſe. It ſtandes your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willough. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cooſins wronges,
And laboured all I could to doe him right;
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath ſworne, his comming is

But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're ſee ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes;
I cannot mende it, I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the ſoueraigne mercy of the King:
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; ſo fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.
Bul. An offer Vncle that we will accept,
But we muſt winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Briſtow* Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their complicies,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;
Which I haue ſworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you; but yet Ile pauſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care.

Enter Earle of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salsburie*, we haue ſtaide ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelues: farewell.
Salſ. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Welch. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay,
The Bay-trees in our Country all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of heauen:
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whiſper fearefull change,
Rich men looke ſadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to looſe what they enioy.